# Over Equipped

I hear their walking sticks
As they all creep along
These mountain peaks
Like an old-age home

I watch my oddest friend
As you are lit by moon light
Searching for your hand
I touch the night

I hate these air plane types
As they race a blue sky
Cover it with stripes
You say: “That's a lie.”

I feel like somebody's darling
As I take selfies of my grin
I remember spring
Be my joy seen

Foxes are barking outside
As they fight for the chow
The house is called “Landslide”
Love rules, know how